

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Jane's Ideas On the Real Preparedness

Astonishing Manipulations of the Idea of What the Real Preparedness Consists, as Told by One Jane—Her Universe May Not Contain Galicia, or St. Louis, But She Knows All About Those Big Painted Hats.

JANE went to a meeting of something or other last night and came home imbued with the idea that she should persuade the whole family to march in the parade Wednesday. Jane always is deciding that the family ought to do something.

First it was get a piano, then a victrola, and along with each one of those came all sorts of things. With the victrola she made her father wear tight clothes, and shave off his nice whiskers so that he only had a mustache. He is a small Chinese man, and slightly bowlegged, and when he was robbed of his whiskers and his baggy trousers both at the same time he looked like a Mexican hairless.

So if Jane wants the family to march they'll march. She says that it isn't so much that the walking means anything, although goodness knows everybody'll see you but that the whole thing indicates a sort of readiness. She says that for every step taken there should be a battleship, or a torpedo boat, but that she can't imagine what kind of shoes she will wear.

Ferdie told her that he thought that preparedness was a good idea alright, but that he wasn't going to walk on account of his feet. It seems he has some sort of an affliction that no one ever heard of before. Strange how great national events like this bring out little individual traits and weaknesses. These were Jane's very words.

Jane does get off some awfully good stuff. But, of course, now that she has the parade on her mind she is too busy to spend much time thinking up repartee for the next day. She doesn't know just yet whether or not she will march or watch. She says that she believes in preparedness for a certainty, and that she already did, when she was a little thing, she never without an umbrella and overshoes and a handkerchief, but that her marching all depends upon the day itself. If it's clear, and the right people are in the parade, she'll march, but if she finds that nice folks to take her in their car she thinks that she will just sit and watch the people go by.

At all costs, she wants the family to march, because then she will have some real reason, some real excuse, for watching the parade and for being there. It's so much nicer when you have some reason for doing something, she thinks.

Besides, speaking of sitting in the car with some one else, she says that it is much more edifying, because one can pick up so many smart things out in the air at an occasion like that. She says that she has been trying to find out where Galicia is since last Friday, but that she just simply hasn't had the time. However, if she sits to take her in their car she will get a chance to ask some man and then she can talk with him about the Russian drives.

If it is clear she'll wear her painted hat. If it isn't clear, she'll wear it anyhow. It is a painted hat, and some place and have some ten. And, of course, she believes in preparedness.

The Gentleman on Our Left has had an awful cold. He says that if it doesn't stop raining for good, that he might as well enlist, because if he doesn't he'll die of cold. Besides that, he claims that even the fringe on the edge of his bathrobe is moldy.

We don't quite recognize this particular brand of poetry, but as long as there is such a thing as verse, let's have it to let it pass. For the idea is a good one. Women have mopped up the street car seats for years without one single tribute. It is too good an opportunity to give recognition where recognition is due, to let slip; we print therefore:

"Passengers Must Dry the Seats." Have you ever been on an open car when it was raining. And watched the people "grin and bear" without ever complaining. About the rain that was coming in through the curtains were down. And the seats that were so wet they would ruin a gingham gown. And "fix" a man's trousers so that he would have to have them pressed. And those people would not complain. It is useless to protest. And after it had ceased its raining, the seats were left to dry. They didn't even wipe them, 'cause the passengers were dry. And why. What they should have, so it seems to me, is a chamomile skin and soap. Without a handle, dry and clean, stored away up the street car seats for years without one single tribute. It is too good an opportunity to give recognition where recognition is due, to let slip; we print therefore:

THE CONDUCTOR.

RECIPES

Roast Beef With Dressing.
Roast beef.
Dressing of bread, water, salt, pepper, onion, and celery seed.
Purchase a tender roast. Make long cuts in the meat about two inches apart. Fill these with a dressing made of cold bread or biscuit moistened with hot water and seasoned with salt, pepper, onion, and a few celery seed. Put the dressed roast in the pan with hot water and bits of butter. Bake until well done and brown.

Celery au Gratin.
Stewed celery.
Salt and pepper to taste.
Grated cheese.
Bread crumbs.
Cut the stewed celery in inch strips. Drain, place in a buttered baking pan and pour over it one cup of milk, with salt and pepper to taste. Bake with bread crumbs, dot with butter, and strew grated cheese over all. Bake twenty minutes.

How Complexity of Woman's Nature Shows In Her Face and Makes Portrait Painting Hard

Miss Juliet Thompson, a Washington Girl, Who Has Become a Famous Artist, Testifies to the Complexity of Woman's Nature, and Tells How the "I-Will-and-I-Won't" Spirit Underneath Shows in the Face.

Portrait Painting in General Enables the Artist to Find the Soul of a Person, Provided, of Course, There Is One To Be Found—How Miss Thompson Painted the Great Persian Mystic, Abdul Baha.

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

HERE is a legitimate excuse for the existence of that annoying but oft bromidically quoted phrase, "That's just like a woman."

This hint that anything not understandable and different or hard to trace is characteristic of women is merely a verbal acknowledgment of the complexity of women. Some women admit this complexity; others can't see it, and still others fly into a terrific rage when it is even suggested.

However, it's there, and what is more, shows in every woman's face. Not every one, however, can see this "I will and I won't" forenoon of my own" spirit in the countenance. It takes an expert to define it, even to see it. And even then very few live who can reproduce it.

Miss Juliet Thompson, a famous woman painter, who is in the city for a short time, not only sees and defines this complexity of nature, but she is able to reproduce it—her rare ability of showing more than mere lineament on canvas. Her statement, in the midst of a conversational sort of an interview, about a little bit of everything that women are much harder to paint than men, paved the way for a short discussion of the subject.

Is Corcoran Art Graduate.

Miss Thompson, by the way, is a graduate of the Corcoran Art School, of this city, and lived here before her continental training began. She is one of the few women artists of America who has become really successful, and who has made more than just a living out of portrait painting.

Women are much harder to paint than men," said Miss Thompson, "largely from the reason that they either have more ability in representing their feelings, or have a greater succession of feelings which show in the face. They are fundamentally more complex than men. Sometimes several sittings for me to find a woman. Their emotions are varying; their impulses differ widely; and their true selves rarely or never come to the surface.

"The one desire of course, is that the picture for which they sit shall be as good looking as possible. As far as I can remember there are very few women who concern themselves with the point as to whether or not their pictures shall carry something more than a likeness of them. That they can be made to show their real selves, their true natures and their



Two Extremes of Type—Upper, Abdul Baha, and lower, a Little Boy.

souls, provided they have any, never occurs to women at first.

Repression An Injustice.
"And in the lack of interest in that point many do themselves a great injustice. For to my mind the only thing worse than not having any

souls at all, is to have one and hide it. When I say soul I mean a love of finer attributes, a heart above clothes and personal beauty and conquest and riches.

"Yet when they first come to me, the love of those things alone usually shines in the eyes of women. Until that look of self-consciousness is taken from their eyes it is almost impossible to get good results from them. There is no keynote on which to work. Each portrait must mean something, must be something beyond a mere photographic reproduction of lineament, and show more, and show more. It is worth very little. It is no different from any one of those hideous old crayon portraits, made from photographs which used

MISS JULIET THOMPSON.

to, and do even now, disfigure the walls of country homes.

Mask Spoils Portrait.

"Now this inward commotion in a woman's soul, this feeling that she must look her best, that these lines and those lines must not show, and her attempt to put on a certain look, is disastrous to me. The complexity which many of them deny having, but which I can see working wastes my time and theirs.

"Not until it dies away, and something finer and deeper and less material takes its place can I do justice to a portrait. Even after the first few moments, or hours or waiting for the self-conscious look to die, comes the time of waiting for the disappearance of the 'repressed' look, and the 'calculating' look. I can almost tell what is passing through the mind of my sitters when I watch them.

Surely Miss Thompson's work has justified her statements. For example, two pictures, of widely differing types, old age and youth, are reproduced with this story. In neither of these, Miss Thompson explained, did she have any difficulty in "finding her subject." In the case of the child there was innocence, a certain unhidden wonder. In the case of the old man, there was a soul, a purpose, an unmistakable something which spoke of higher things, but repressed.

For the older man is Abdul Baha. Finding his soul was not difficult, chiefly because he has such a big one—big enough to have accomplished the founding of a faith which welds together thousands of people, from which the world has received the gift of the Baha faith, although he disclaims such a title, tending that it belongs rightly only to his father. He was born in prison, and prior to his visit to the United States in 1912 had been incarcerated for years.

Miss Thompson is the first to ever paint his portrait. "When he first sat for me," she said, "I felt that I could never portray him; that I could never adequately express his face. Yet when the time came it took me less than an hour to paint a portrait which was practically the beginning of my larger success. All because there was something there, unexpressed, evident, unmistakable."

Miss Thompson is staying in Washington at the home of Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins, but will return to New York before July.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By HELEN ROWLAND.

MY DAUGHTER, thou hast come unto me saying:

"How shall I find a Model Husband?"

Verily, my child, thou simple one, the world is full of men, but men are full of inconsistencies; and there is no such thing as PERFECTION among them!

Behold, they come in many patterns and in divers materials: for there are men of wood and men of stone, and men of putty, yea and some which are 'all wool and a yard wide.'

And a wise damsel can but choose her material and MAKE her own 'model' therefrom.

I charge thee, therefore, be not hasty in thy judgment, nor set thine heart upon a man because he is pleasant to look at, or easy to admire, but rather because he is pleasant to listen to and easy to RESPECT.

For, it is easy to love a man blindly, but thou must like him with thine eyes wide open; and in the vicissitudes of matrimony thou shalt not be a FRIEND! I charge thee, choose not a man because he is brilliant, but rather because he is KIND; nor because he is clever, but rather because he is modest; nor because he is brave, but rather because he is self-sacrificing.

For an ideal husband is not one that talketh glittering nothings upon a summer evening, but one that ariseth and taketh the cream from off the dumb-waiter on a winter morning.

I charge thee choose not a man because thou admirest his raiment, and his taste in waistcoats; but rather because he admireth THY clothes, and approveth thy taste in all things.

For it is easier to live happily with a

man who shaveth but three times a week, than with one who shaveth daily, thy hats, and ganceth at thy new frocks only to make mock of them.

And what woman would not rather be a "fend" than scoffed at as a "frump?"

I charge thee, choose not a man because he possesseth much money, and rejoiceth to spend it; but rather because he possesseth a good job and SAVETH his substance.

For, a man with both time and money is Satan's pet plaything and every woman's game; but a hard-working man hath no leisure for either.

I charge thee, choose not a man who applaudeth the way in which thou doest things, but rather one who insisteth upon doing things for THEE.

For, in double-harness of matrimony, it is easy for one to lean back in the shafts and cry "Bravo!" while the other taketh the hills.

Verily, my child, the journey of matrimony is a foolish daisy, chooseth a chaffron sunshade, but a wise woman seeketh a Cotton Umbrella, which shall shield her from the storms to come and serve as a staff over the rough places.

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A Smooth, Hairless Skin for Every Woman
(The Modern Beauty.)
With the aid of a plain delatone paste it is an easy matter to rid the skin of unsightly hairy growths. The paste is made by mixing some water with powdered delatone. This is applied to the hairs not wanted and after two or three minutes rubbed off, and the skin washed, when every trace of hair will have vanished. When you go to your druggist for delatone, be sure you get the genuine article.—Adv.

Why a Lingering Cough Should Send Sufferer To The Doctor At Once

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

TO paraphrase a well-known saying, a cough stopped in times saves nine. Few mortal men fear one cough. Almost as many do not fear any number of coughs.

Nevertheless, if you will fear coughs in the medieval sense of the Biblical admonition to fear God—which means to have a wholesome understanding and regard for power interwoven there—you will avoid much evil.

When you are admonished to visit a diagnostician or a hospital "for a tuberculosis test," the fear that strikes your heart cold is almost altogether uncalculated. The advice is good and necessary for almost all coughs other than whooping cough in children—that endure more than two weeks. This holds true as well for summer coughs as for those of January, February and March.

Real Trouble Located.
Mr. E. W., a young man in the twenties, fell ill one hot day with "a slight cold," as he and his friends expressed it. He coughed in various ways—there is no constantly characteristic cough of tuberculosis, bronchitis, laryngitis or pneumonia—by day and by night.

Wise busybodies who met him, a merchant, a money king, an editor, and a clergyman, told him by turns that he had a "stomach cough," a "nervous cough," a "cigarette cough." Each meant well, but error often kills despite good intentions. Moreover, there are no such things as "stomach," "cig-

arette" and "nervous" coughs. These are easy-going terms of ignorance, laziness or quackery.

Mr. E. W. suffered from his cough for two or three weeks before he met a physician who does not jump at conclusions. This man was neither incapable, ignorant nor lazy. He went to the trouble and took the time thoroughly to search the whole machine called Mr. E. W.

My means of the various "adjunct senses" called instruments of precision, this conscientious hospital doctor after an hour's search found that Mr. E. W. had the first signs of tuberculosis. Mr. E. W., to be sure, for the time was very much frightened. But the doctor had found the real cause of his trouble in time, and Mr. E. W. was made well.

Beware of Old Cough.
Most coughs are not tuberculosis. Many of them pass into the limbo of memory within two weeks or so. Only when they persist, when they are accompanied by loss of weight, when you and your friends begin to get on terms of contempt and familiarity with a cough, has the danger progressed to serious proportions.

Obviously, it is wise to anticipate this by a thorough search for and an insurance against just such contingency. You listen to and to follow the advice of every Tom Dick and Harriet you meet who like relying on a sieve to transfer water to or from a reservoir. Only by going to a competent physician and permitting him to make a thorough examination, and then by following his advice can you hope to win the well being you desire.

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Answers To Health Questions

A Reader—Please tell me how to remove moles on my face.
The lance, radium, and X-rays will remove moles. The knife is most certain, less painful, not dangerous, and most quickly through with.

H. G.—Please tell me how to reduce the size of my ankles.
Take gymnastic exercises, especially dancing. These will help to make the ankle slender.

Constant Reader—Kindly advise a remedy for sunburn. I am burnt very dark.

Here again prophylaxis or the "ounce of cure" is most effective. Put one ounce of quince seed into a quart of water, kept boiling. Remove the boiling

water and quince seed, place this in another clean bowl, and strain through a cloth. To each six ounces of this lotion add ten drops of oil of lily of the valley and one ounce of glycerine to preserve it. Keep this on ice, and it will last for some time. It may be applied to the face before you venture into the sun and immediately upon your return from the sunlit out-of-doors.

Widow—I have a tight feeling in my chest and the right side is higher than the left. What do you advise?
Olive oil will help you. It is a good food. You also need exercise and gymnastics to counteract the chest position.

H. L.—If you will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope repeating your query I will be glad to help you.

Seen in the Markets

AT the beginning of the week the markets are rather discouraging. The fresh stock for the week has not come in as yet and the dealers are forced to sort out the better vegetables and fruit from the Saturday left-overs. In spite of this, there is a great variety to be had in the markets today and the careful buyer will be able to find just what she wants if she is willing to make a circuit of the stalls first to compare prices and stock.

Spinach is 10 cents a quarter of a peck.

Cantaloupes, apricots, and red plums have been added to the list of possibilities. Indeed, just at this time of year there seems to be a greater variety of fruit than of vegetables—with the choice of strawberries, blackberries, huckleberries, red raspberries, apricots, pineapples, limes, gooseberries, cherries, plums, peaches, and that quintet of hardy

perennials, oranges, bananas, lemons, apples and grapefruit always available.

To balance against this in the vegetable line are new potatoes, lettuce, celery, sweet peppers, tomatoes, sweet corn, beans, peas, beets, cucumbers, egg plant, radishes, carrots, cress, squash, and spring onions.

The cantaloupes are small as yet, and not very sweet. They are three for 25 cents or two for 15 cents, the latter of slightly smaller grade.

As for apricots, one may have his choice of buying three for 5 cents, or taking a 10-cent box, holding six. Apricots are not widely favored because they are dry and often insipid, but they prove a pleasant change from the hard apples.

Peaches sell at 10 cents a pint box and so do red plums. The fat blue plums have not appeared, but may be expected almost any time in the near future.

Asparagus, now seen in a few of the stalls, is 15 cents for a large bunch.

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